IN 6 ISSUES, IT'S ALL OVER!
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IN 6 ISSUES, IT'S ALL OVER!

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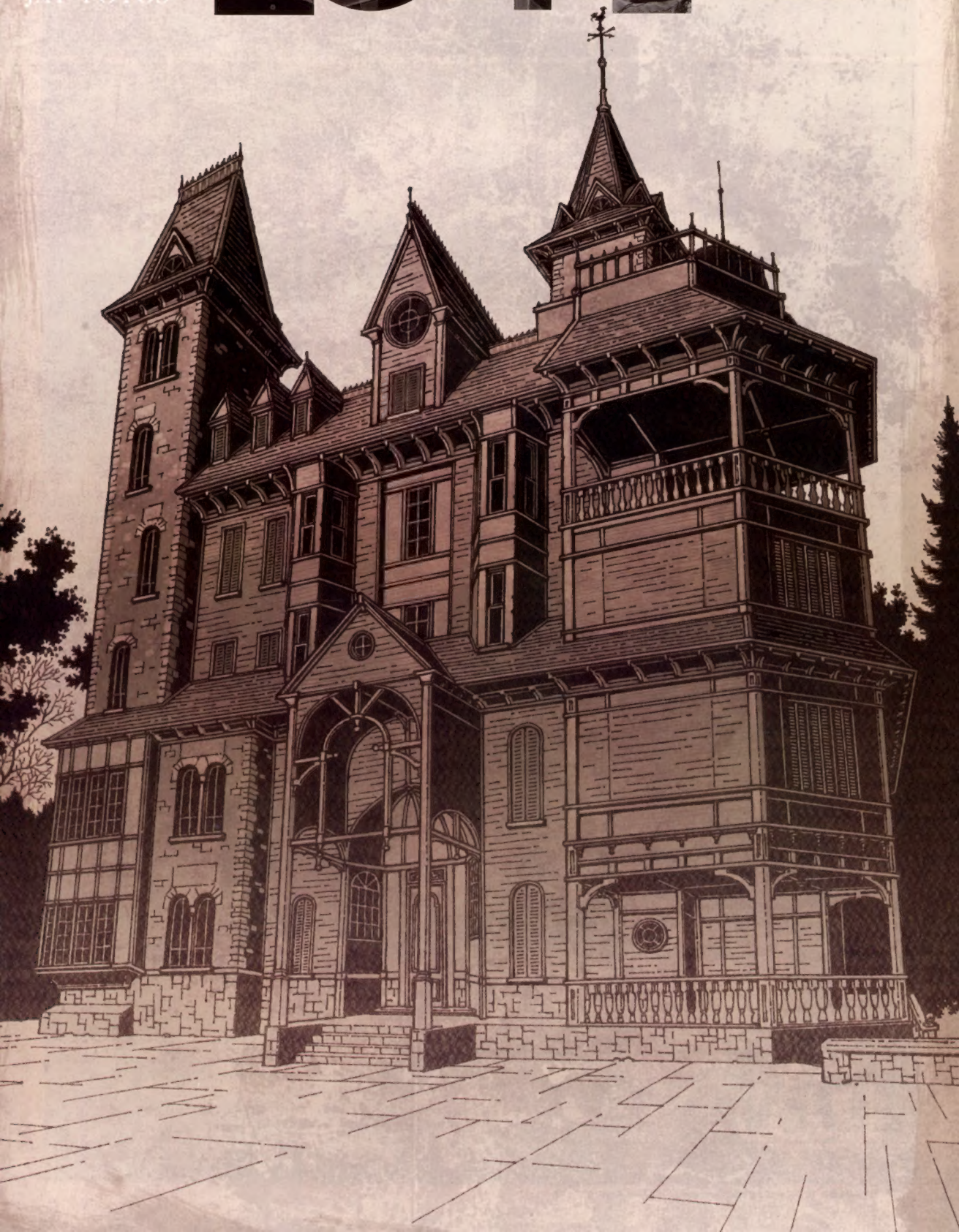

IN 6 ISSUES, IT'S ALL OVER!
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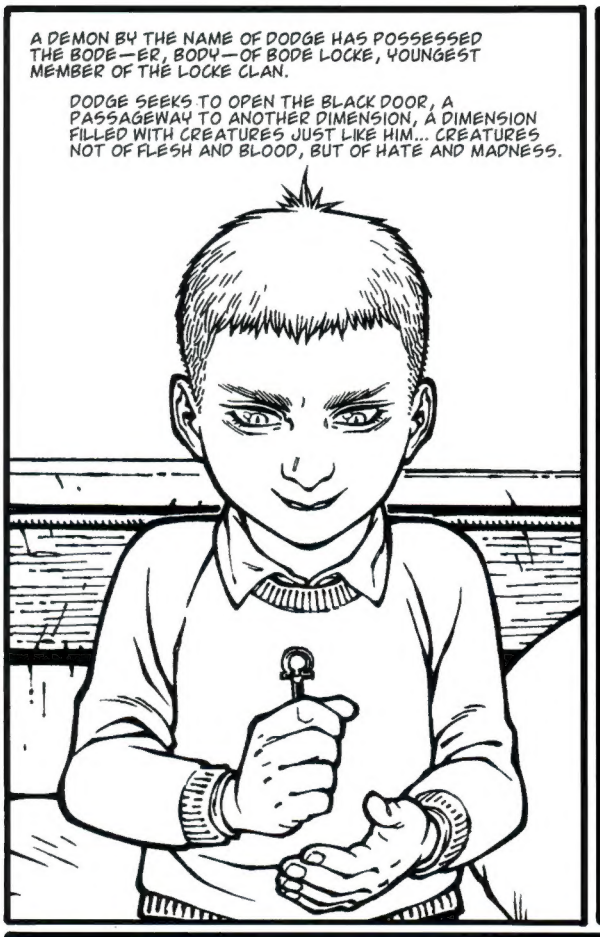
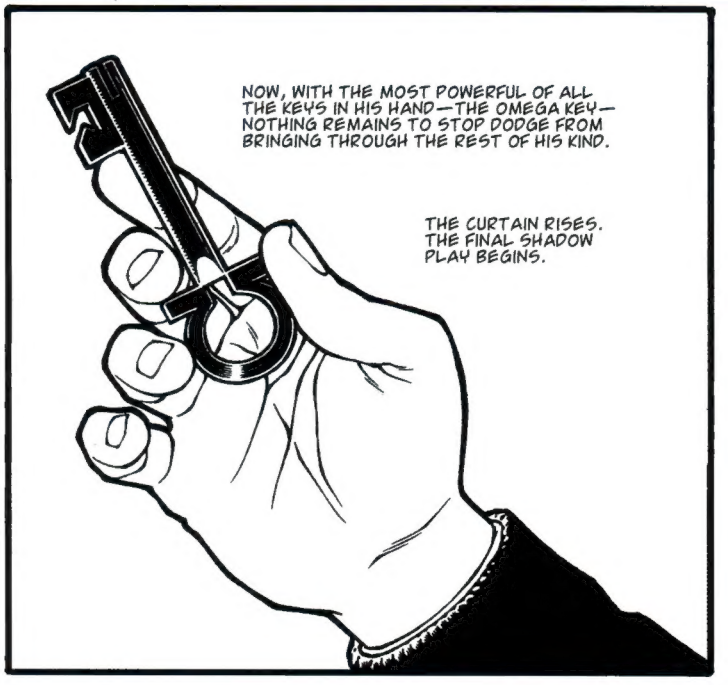

A DEMON BY THE NAME OF DODGE HAS POSSESSED THE BODE—ER, BODY—OF BODE LOCKE, YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE LOCKE CLAN.
DODGE SEEKS TO OPEN THE BLACK DOOR, A PASSAGEWAY TO ANOTHER DIMENSION, A DIMENSION FILLED WITH CREATURES JUST LIKE HIM... CREATURES NOT OF FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT OF HATE AND MADNESS.

SUCH DEVILS ARE PSYCHIC PARASITES, CAPABLE OF SURVIVING IN OUR WORLD ONLY BY ATTACHING THEMSELVES TO A LIVING SOUL.
WITHOUT A SPIRIT TO PREY UPON, DEMONS PASSING THROUGH THE DOOR ARE RENDERED INTO AN INERT BUT METAPHYSICALLY POTENT METAL: THE WHISP'RING IRON. FROM SUCH STUFF ARE ALL THE MANY IMPOSSIBLE KEYS OF KEYHOUSE FORGED.


NOW, WITH THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE KEYS IN HIS HAND—THE OMEGA KEY—NOTHING REMAINS TO STOP DODGE FROM BRINGING THROUGH THE REST OF HIS KIND.
THE CURTAIN RISES. THE FINAL SHADOW PLAY BEGINS.

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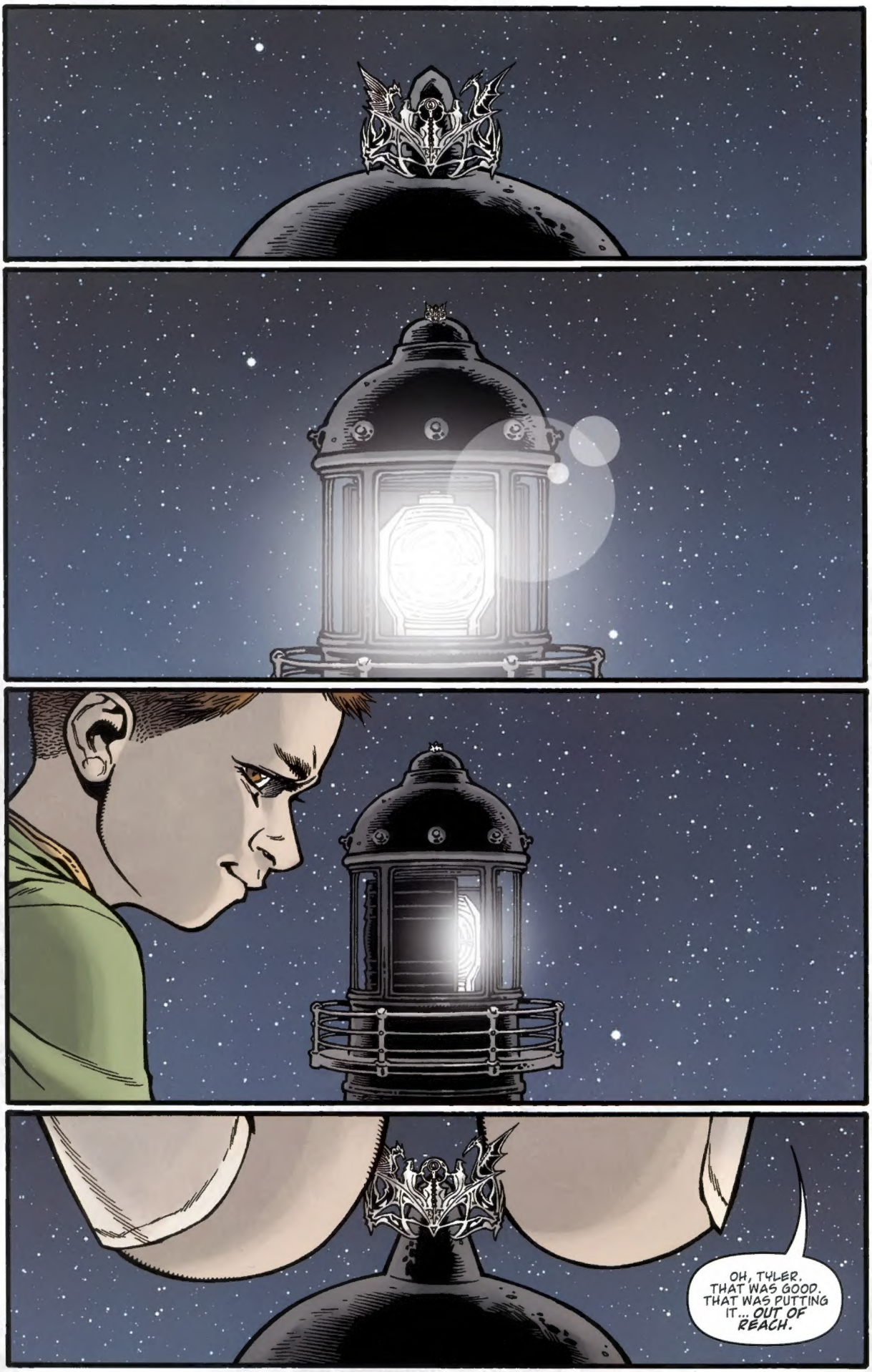
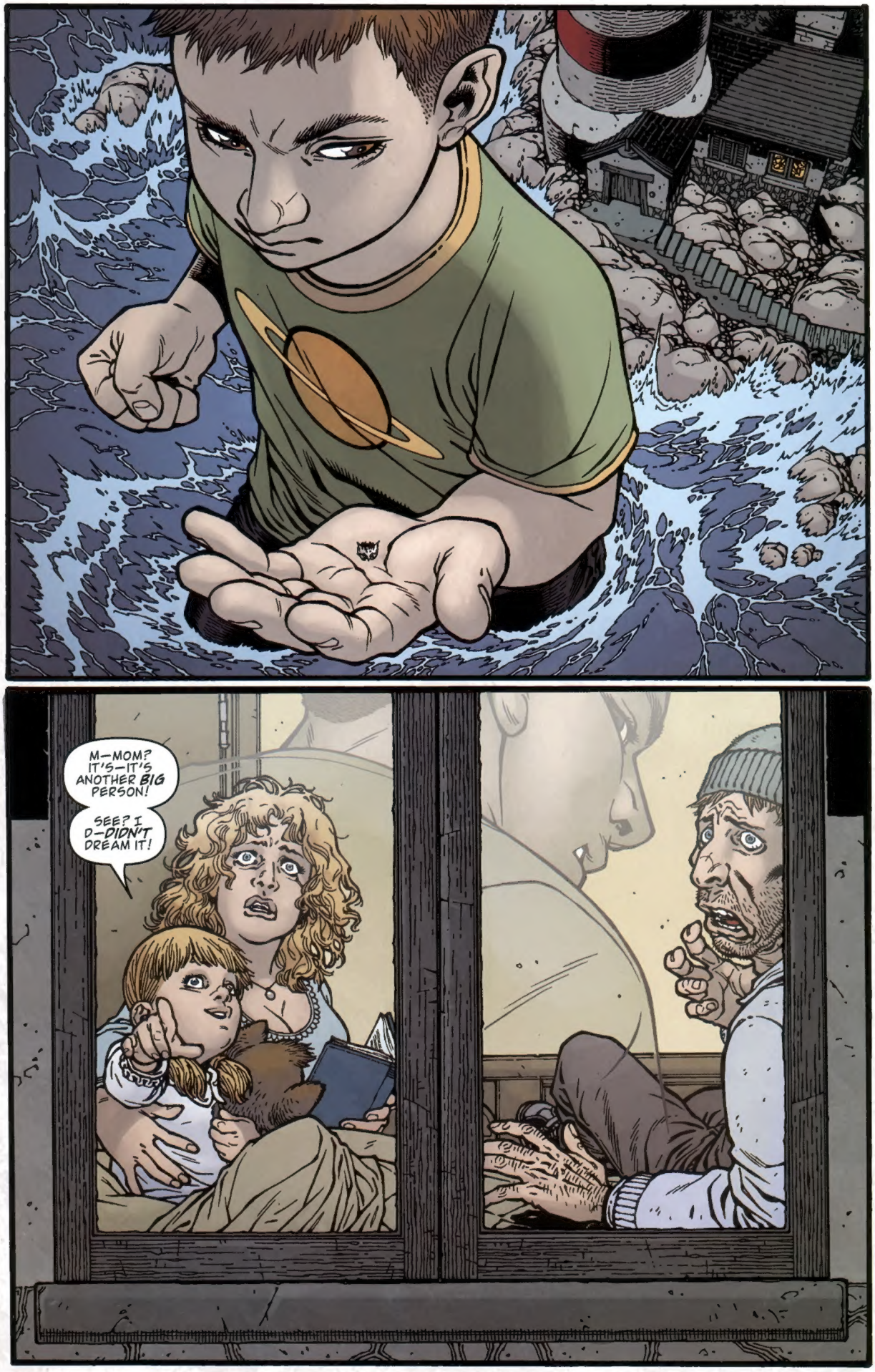
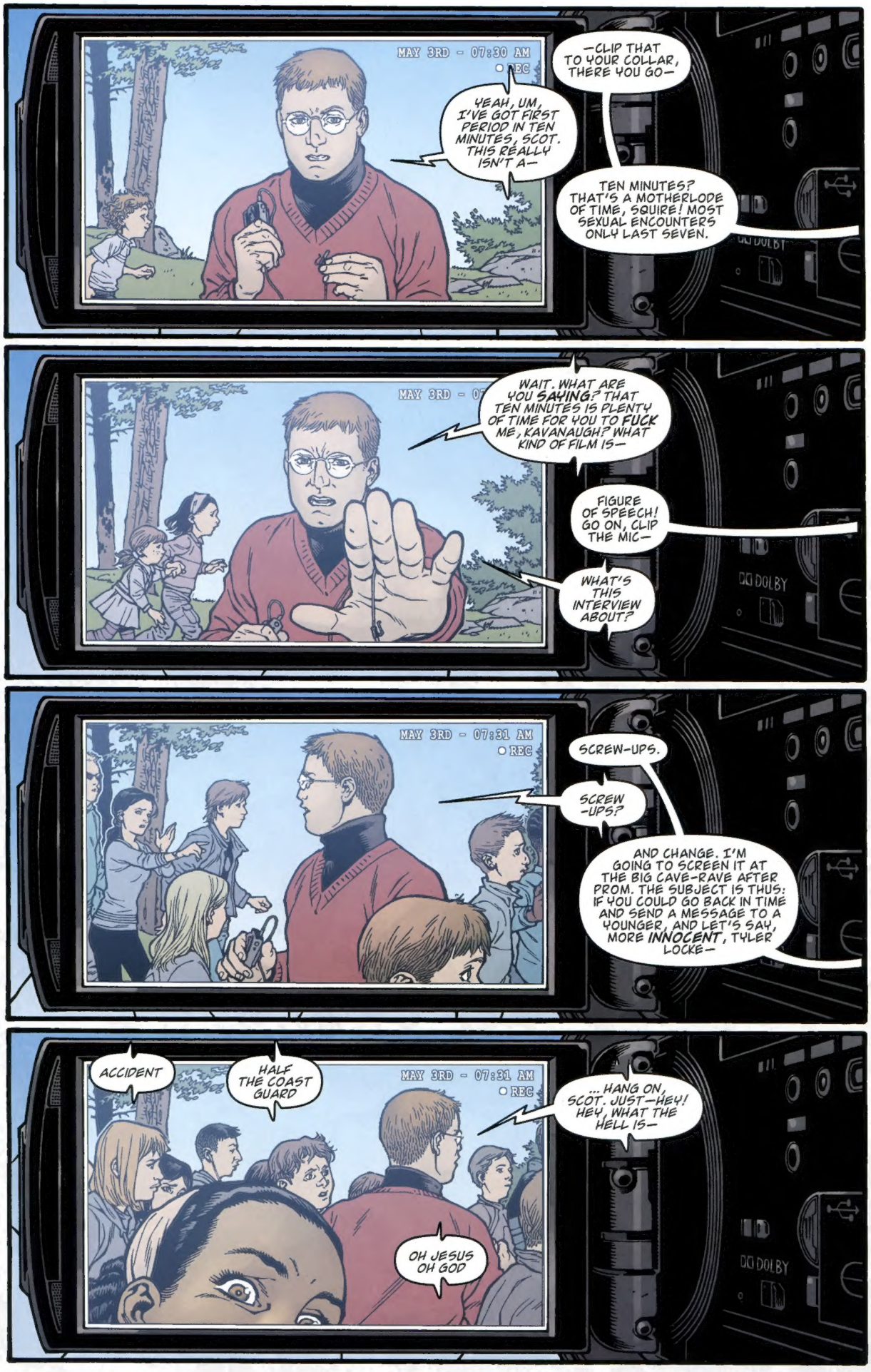
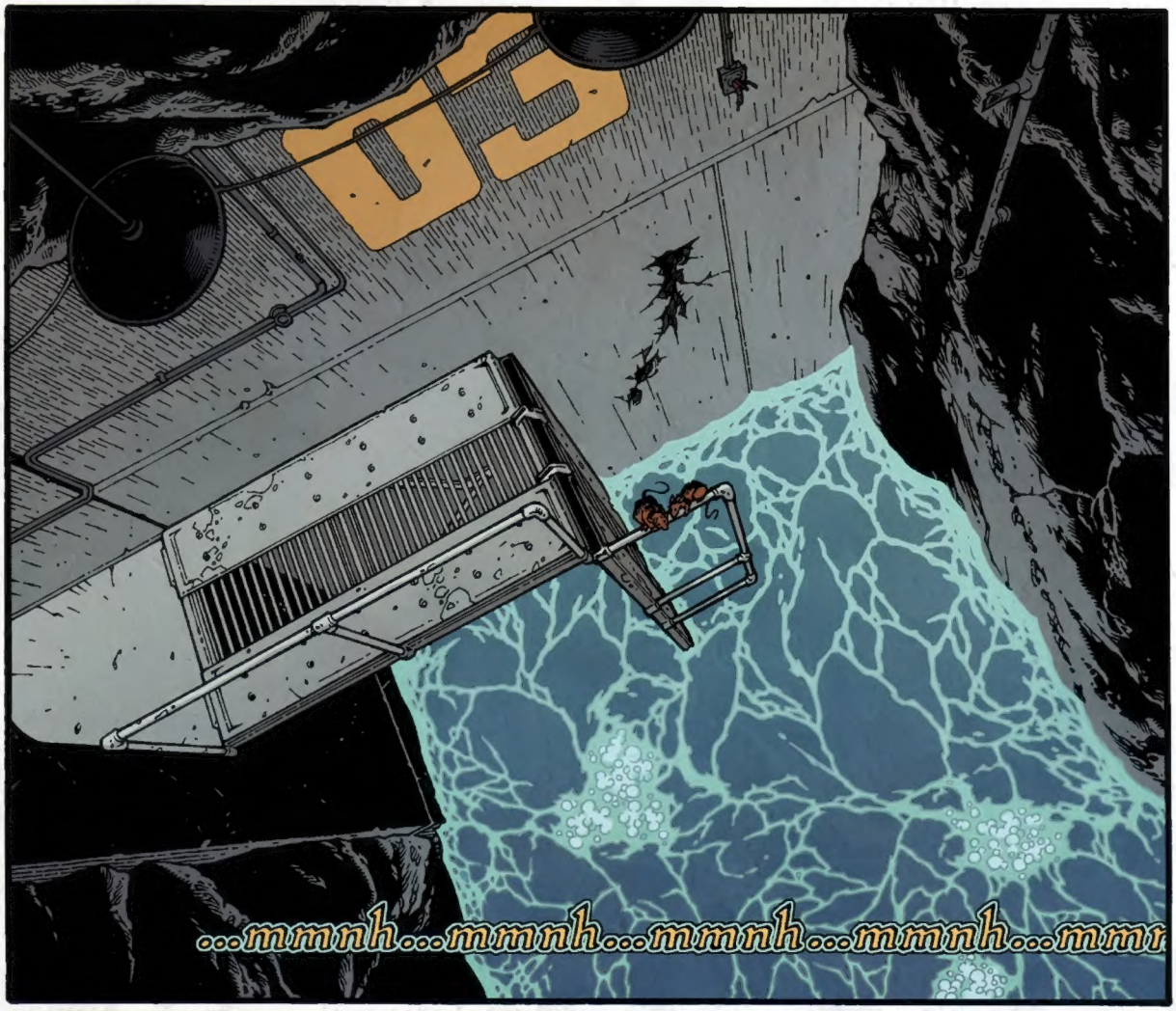

OH, TYLER. THAT WAS GOOD. THAT WAS PUTTING IT... OUT OF REACH.

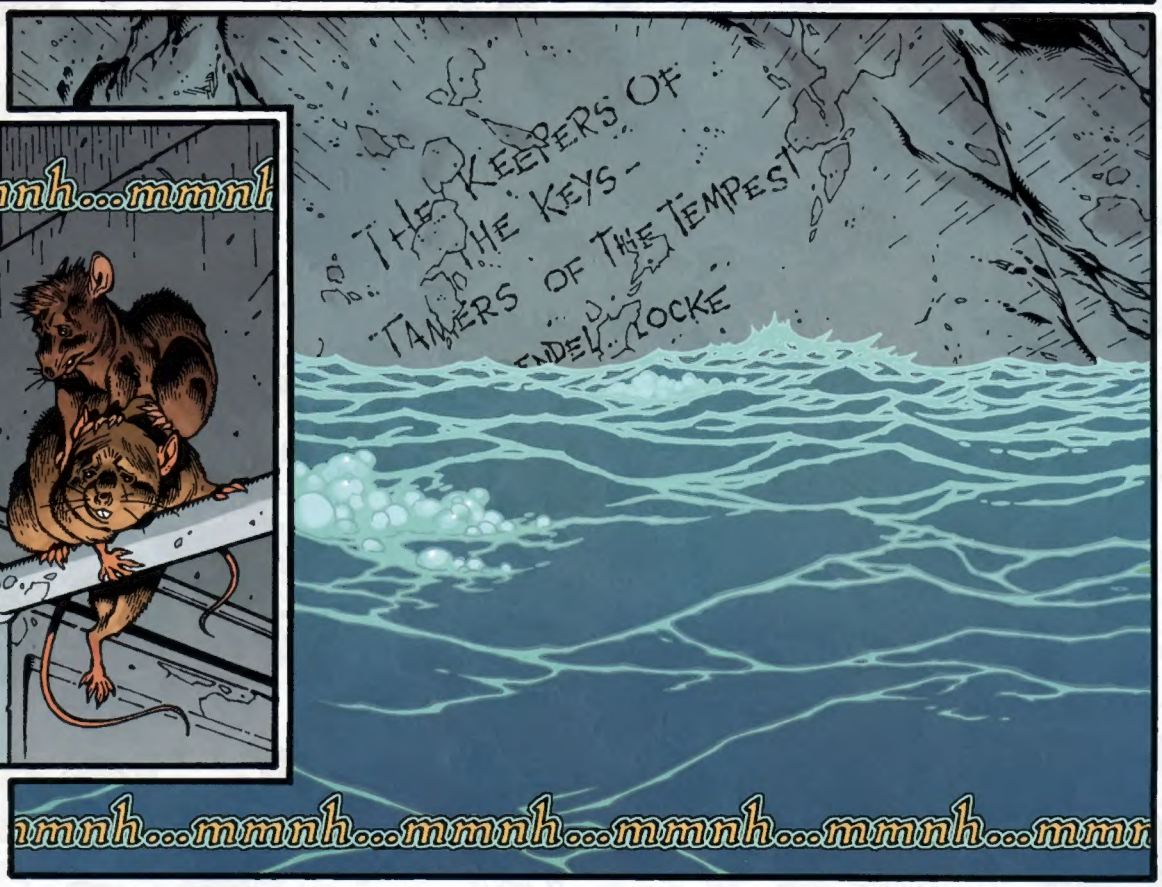

M—MOM? IT'S—IT'S ANOTHER BIG PERSON!
SEE? I D—DIDN'T DREAM IT!


MAY 3RD - 07:30 AM
REC
YEAH, UM, I'VE GOT FIRST PERIOD IN TEN MINUTES, SCOT. THIS REALLY ISN'T A—
—CLIP THAT TO YOUR COLLAR, THERE YOU GO—
TEN MINUTES? THAT'S A MOTHERLODE OF TIME, SQUIRE! MOST SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS ONLY LAST SEVEN.
DOLBY
MAY 3RD - 0
WAIT. WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT TEN MINUTES IS PLENTY OF TIME FOR YOU TO FUCK ME, KAVANAUGH? WHAT KIND OF FILM IS—
FIGURE OF SPEECH! GO ON, CLIP THE MIC—
WHAT'S THIS INTERVIEW ABOUT?
DOLBY
MAY 3RD - 07:31 AM
REC
SCREW-UPS.
SCREW-UPS?
AND CHANGE. I'M GOING TO SCREEN IT AT THE BIG CAVE-RAVE AFTER PROM. THE SUBJECT IS THUS: IF YOU COULD GO BACK IN TIME AND SEND A MESSAGE TO A YOUNGER, AND LET'S SAY, MORE INNOCENT, TYLER LOCKE—
ACCIDENT
HALF THE COAST GUARD
MAY 3RD - 07:31 AM
REC
... HANG ON, SCOT. JUST—HEY! HEY, WHAT THE HELL IS—
OH JESUS OH GOD
DOLBY

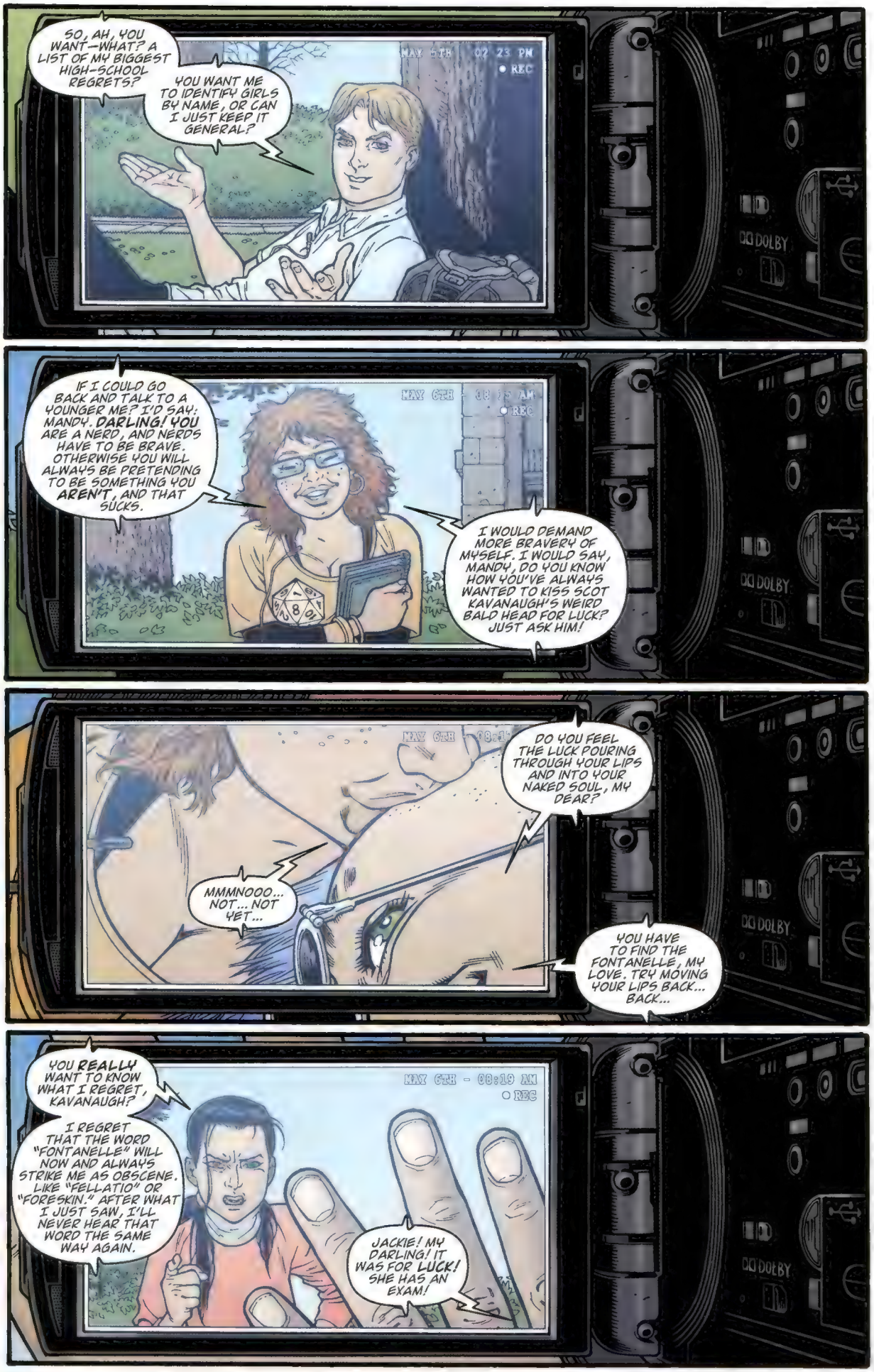
...FREAK TSUNAMI...
...THREE PEOPLE WERE INSIDE...
...OHMIGOD I'M PUTTING THIS RIGHT ON YOUTUBE...
...DID ANYONE GET OUT? DID ANYONE GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE IT...

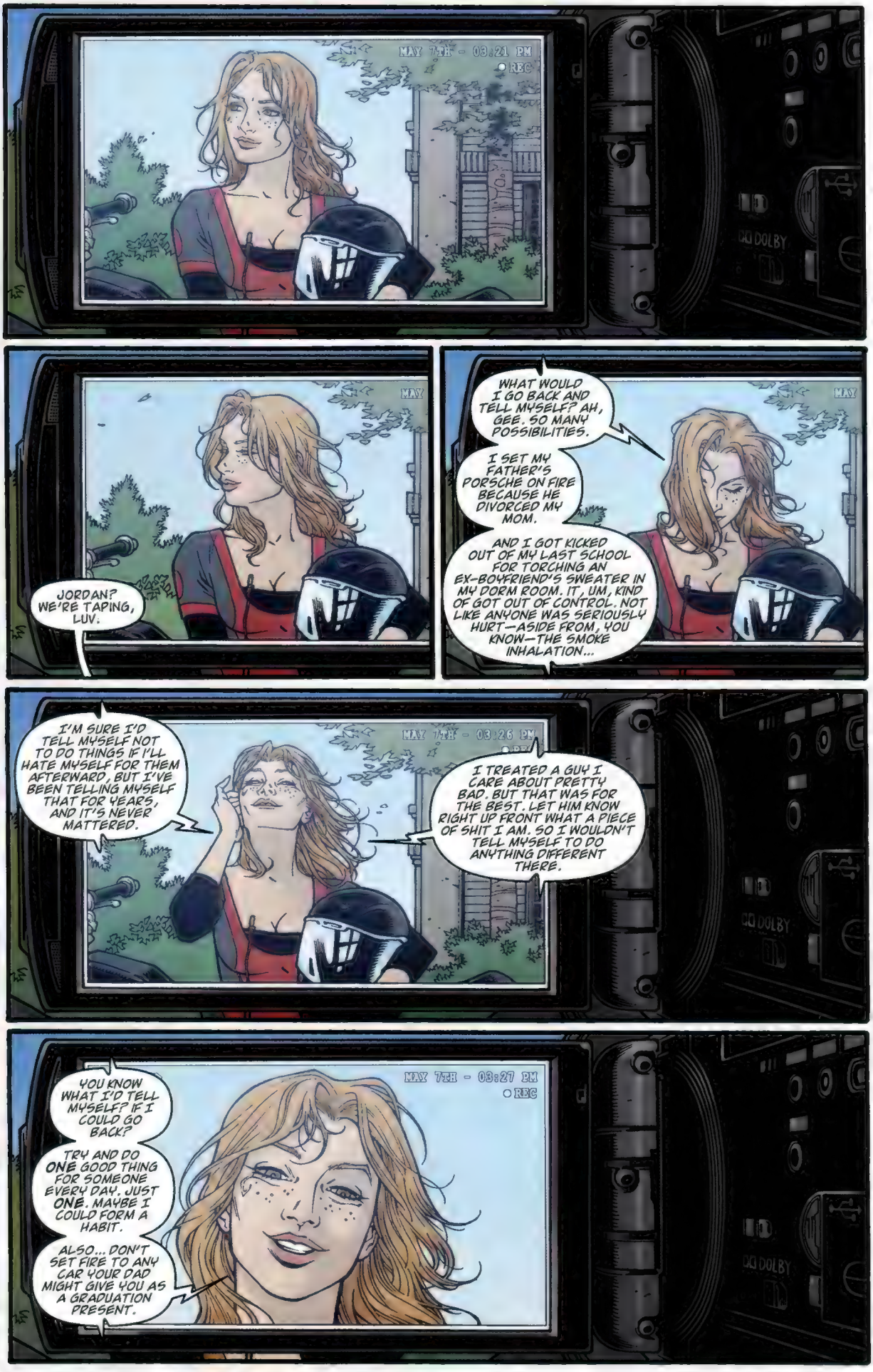
I'M NOT GOING TO TANGLE WITH YOU, BIG BOY. I'M NOT GOING TO...
...AND I DON'T NEED TO.
PUMP ~1~
PUMP ~2~
PUMP ~3~

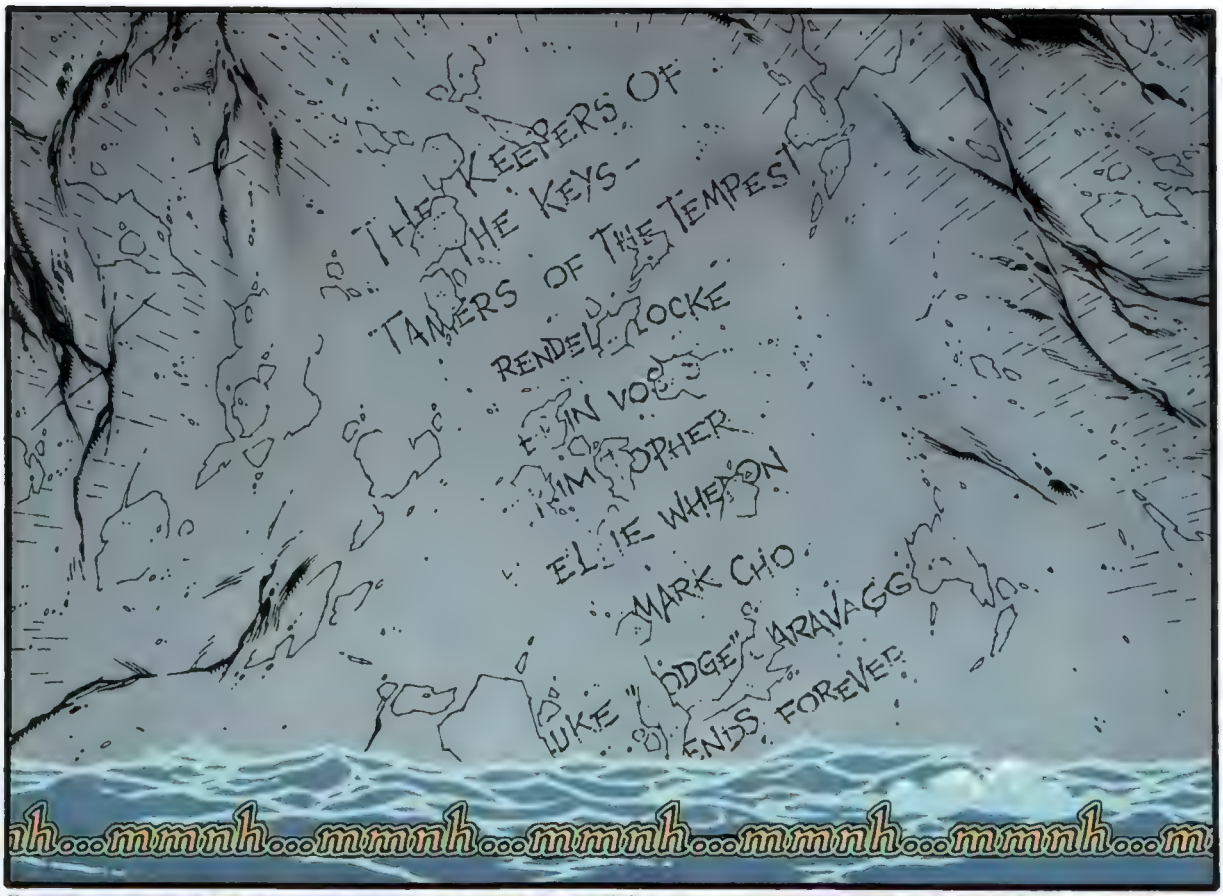

...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...

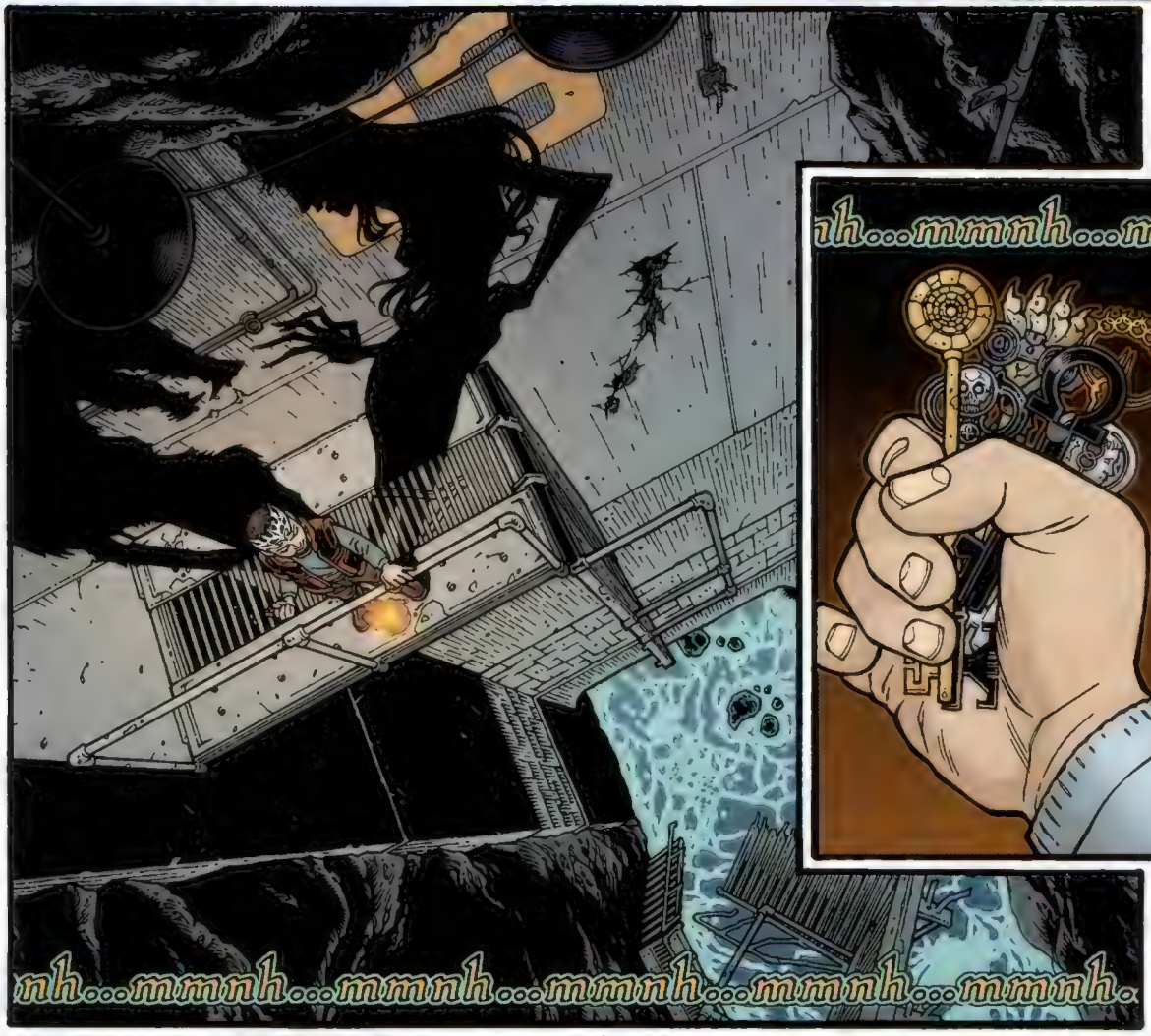

THE KEEPERS OF THE KEYS -
TAMERS OF THE TEMPEST
mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...

mmnh...mmnh


SO, AH, YOU WANT—WHAT? A LIST OF MY BIGGEST HIGH-SCHOOL REGRETS?
YOU WANT ME TO IDENTIFY GIRLS BY NAME, OR CAN I JUST KEEP IT GENERAL?
MAY 5TH 02 23 PM
REC
DOLBY
IF I COULD GO BACK AND TALK TO A YOUNGER ME? I'D SAY, MANDY. DARLING! YOU ARE A NERD, AND NERDS HAVE TO BE BRAVE. OTHERWISE YOU WILL ALWAYS BE PRETENDING TO BE SOMETHING YOU AREN'T, AND THAT SUCKS.
I WOULD DEMAND MORE BRAVERY OF MYSELF. I WOULD SAY, MANDY, DO YOU KNOW HOW YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KISS SCOT KAVANAUGH'S WEIRD BALD HEAD FOR LUCK? JUST ASK HIM!
MAY 6TH
REC
DOLBY
DO YOU FEEL THE LUCK POURING THROUGH YOUR LIPS AND INTO YOUR NAKED SOUL, MY DEAR?
MMMNOOO... NOT... NOT YET...
YOU HAVE TO FIND THE FONTANELLE, MY LOVE. TRY MOVING YOUR LIPS BACK... BACK...
DOLBY
YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT I REGRET, KAVANAUGH?
I REGRET THAT THE WORD "FONTANELLE" WILL NOW AND ALWAYS STRIKE ME AS OBSCENE. LIKE "FELLATIO" OR "FORESKIN." AFTER WHAT I JUST SAW, I'LL NEVER HEAR THAT WORD THE SAME WAY AGAIN.
MAY 6TH - 08:19 AM
REC
JACKIE! MY DARLING! IT WAS FOR LUCK! SHE HAS AN EXAM!
DOLBY


MAY 7TH - 03:21 PM
REC
DOLBY
JORDAN? WE'RE TAPING, LUV.
WHAT WOULD I GO BACK AND TELL MYSELF? AH, GEE. SO MANY POSSIBILITIES.
I SET MY FATHER'S PORSCHE ON FIRE BECAUSE HE DIVORCED MY MOM.
AND I GOT KICKED OUT OF MY LAST SCHOOL FOR TORCHING AN EX-BOYFRIEND'S SWEATER IN MY DORM ROOM. IT, UM, KIND OF GOT OUT OF CONTROL. NOT LIKE ANYONE WAS SERIOUSLY HURT—ASIDE FROM, YOU KNOW—THE SMOKE INHALATION...
I'M SURE I'D TELL MYSELF NOT TO DO THINGS IF I'LL HATE MYSELF FOR THEM AFTERWARD, BUT I'VE BEEN TELLING MYSELF THAT FOR YEARS, AND IT'S NEVER MATTERED.
MAY 7TH - 03:26 PM
I TREATED A GUY I CARE ABOUT PRETTY BAD. BUT THAT WAS FOR THE BEST. LET HIM KNOW RIGHT UP FRONT WHAT A PIECE OF SHIT I AM. SO I WOULDN'T TELL MYSELF TO DO ANYTHING DIFFERENT THERE.
YOU KNOW WHAT I'D TELL MYSELF? IF I COULD GO BACK?
TRY AND DO ONE GOOD THING FOR SOMEONE EVERY DAY. JUST ONE. MAYBE I COULD FORM A HABIT.
ALSO... DON'T SET FIRE TO ANY CAR YOUR DAD MIGHT GIVE YOU AS A GRADUATION PRESENT.
MAY 7TH - 03:27 PM
REC


THE KEEPERS OF THE KEYS -
TAMERS OF THE TEMPEST
RENDE LOCKE
IN VOS
KIM OPHER
ELLIE WHEAON
MARK CHO
"BDGE" ARAVAGG
LUKE " ENDS FOREVER
nh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...m

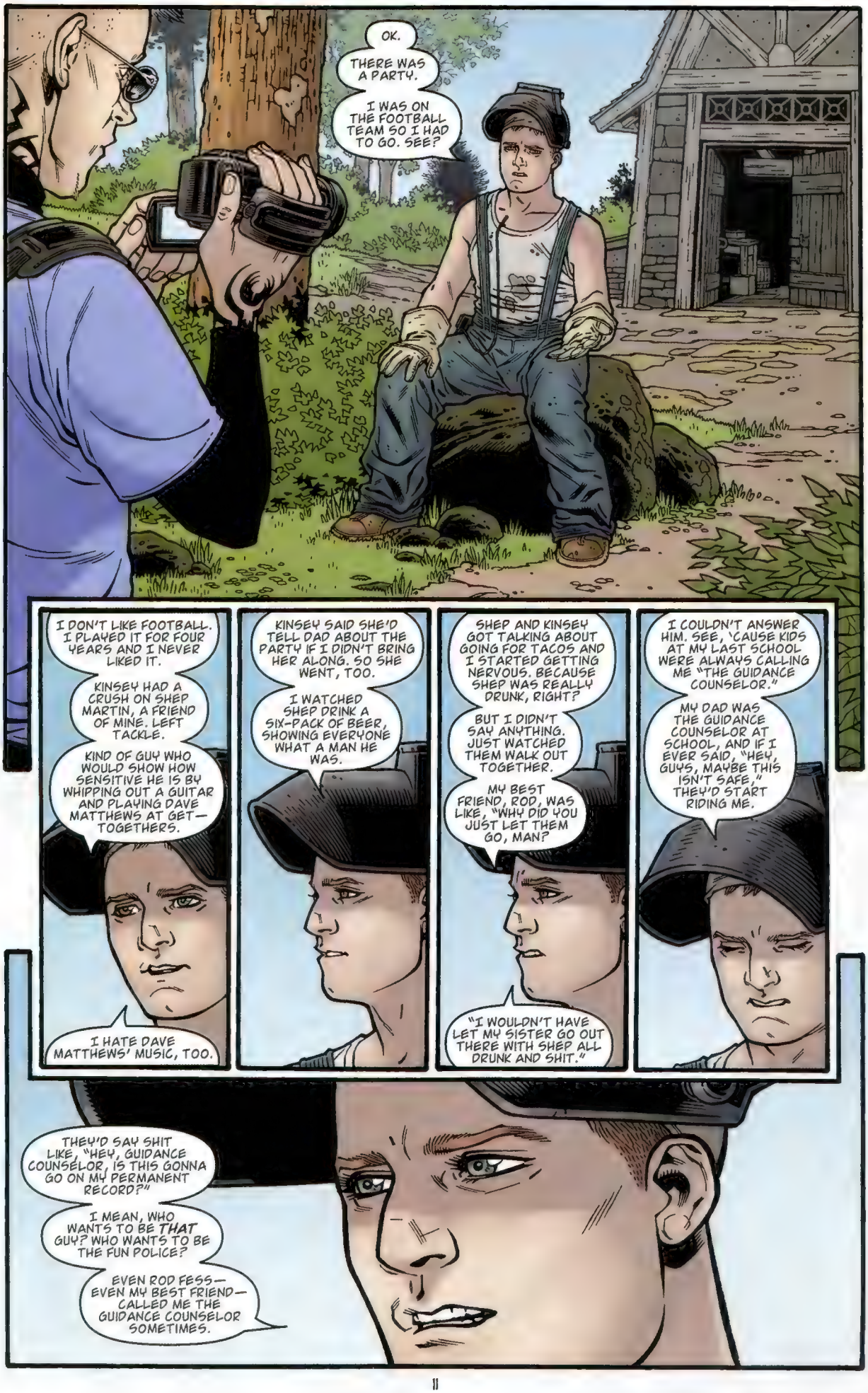

nh...mmnh...mm
nh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh...mmnh.

MAY 9TH 04.19 PM
REC
—AND... TAKE TWO. HOPEFULLY WE CAN GET THROUGH THIS WITH NO DISTRACTING NATURAL DISASTERS CROPPING UP.
YEAH. DID YOU KNOW THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL IN THE LIGHTHOUSE? A GIRL ABOUT BODE'S AGE?
DOLBY

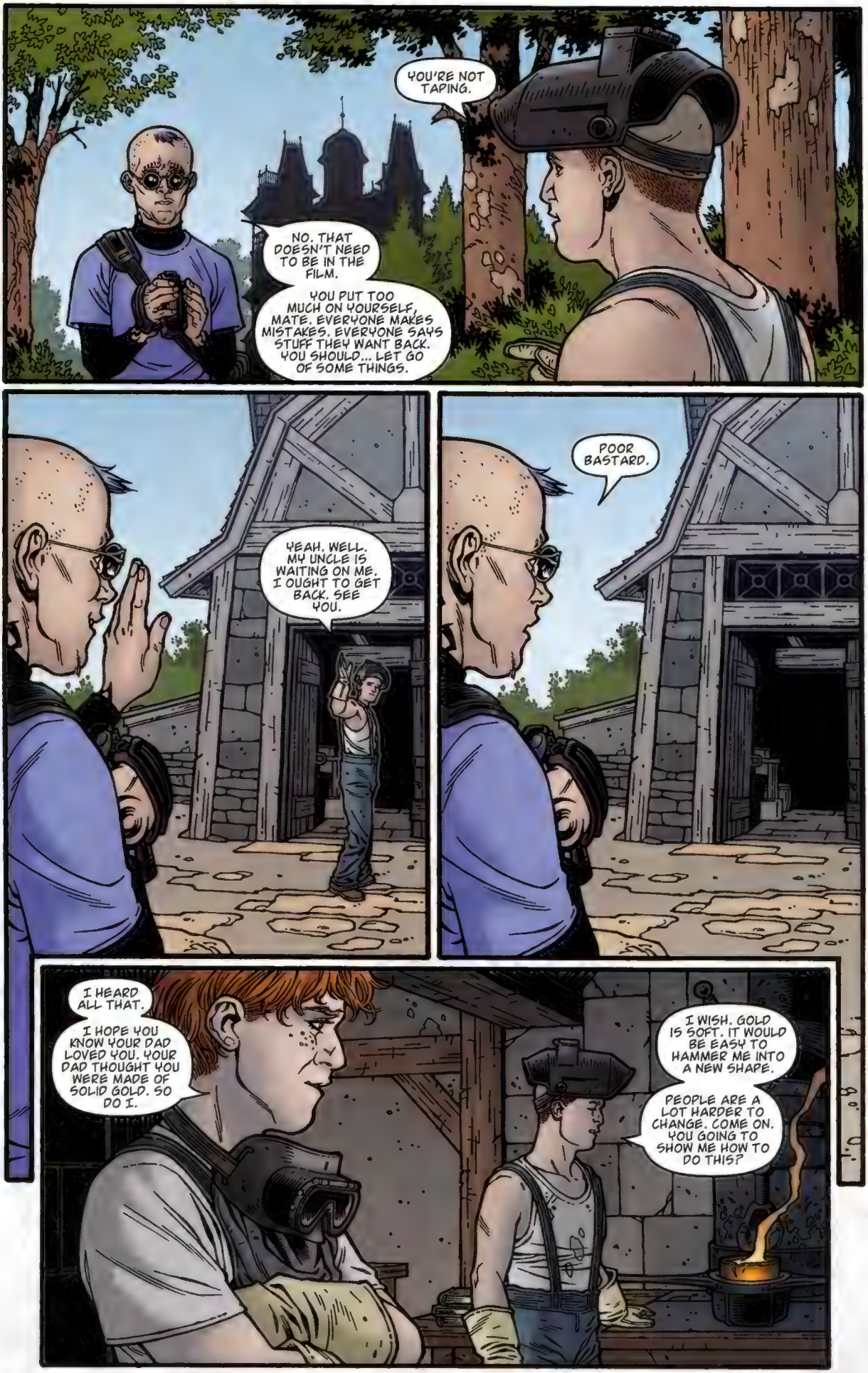
MAY 9TH 04.20 PM
REC
DOLBY

MAY 9TH 04.20 PM
REC
SO WHAT WOULD I TELL THE YOUNGER ME? ARE YOU ASKING ME WHAT I'D DO DIFFERENTLY?
DOLBY

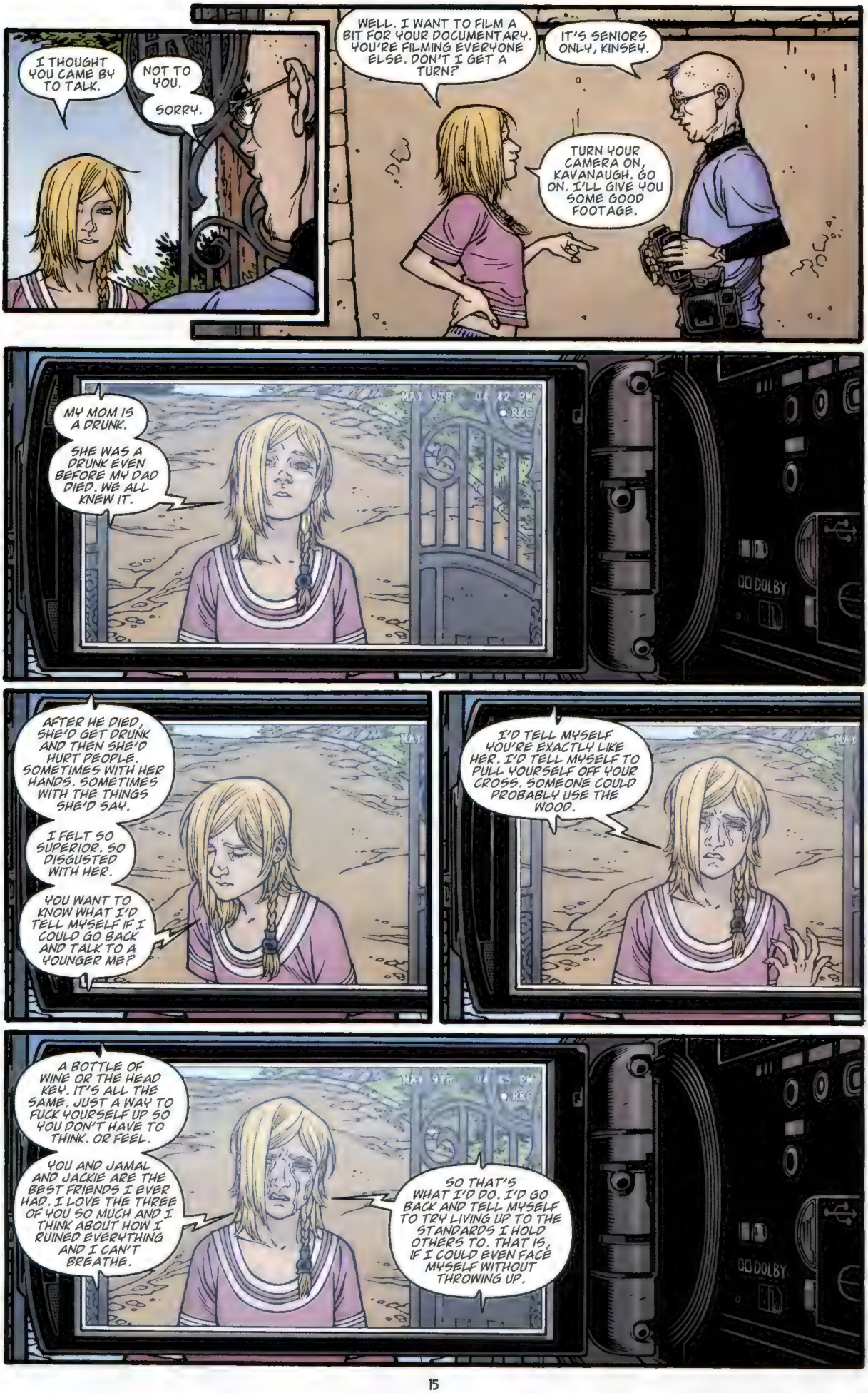
"AH. BOY. YOU MEAN THAT I'M WILLING TO TALK ABOUT?"
YOU EVER DECIDE TO KILL YOUR DAD, DO ME A FAVOR, AND KILL MINE WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.
BUS STOP


OK.
THERE WAS A PARTY.
I WAS ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM SO I HAD TO GO. SEE?
I DON'T LIKE FOOTBALL. I PLAYED IT FOR FOUR YEARS AND I NEVER LIKED IT.
KINSEY HAD A CRUSH ON SHEP MARTIN, A FRIEND OF MINE. LEFT TACKLE.
KIND OF GUY WHO WOULD SHOW HOW SENSITIVE HE IS BY WHIPPING OUT A GUITAR AND PLAYING DAVE MATTHEWS AT GET-TOGETHERS.
I HATE DAVE MATTHEWS' MUSIC, TOO.
KINSEY SAID SHE'D TELL DAD ABOUT THE PARTY IF I DIDN'T BRING HER ALONG. SO SHE WENT, TOO.
I WATCHED SHEP DRINK A SIX-PACK OF BEER, SHOWING EVERYONE WHAT A MAN HE WAS.
SHEP AND KINSEY GOT TALKING ABOUT GOING FOR TACOS AND I STARTED GETTING NERVOUS. BECAUSE SHEP WAS REALLY DRUNK, RIGHT?
BUT I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. JUST WATCHED THEM WALK OUT TOGETHER.
MY BEST FRIEND, ROD, WAS LIKE, "WHY DID YOU JUST LET THEM GO, MAN?
"I WOULDN'T HAVE LET MY SISTER GO OUT THERE WITH SHEP ALL DRUNK AND SHIT."
I COULDN'T ANSWER HIM. SEE, 'CAUSE KIDS AT MY LAST SCHOOL WERE ALWAYS CALLING ME "THE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR."
MY DAD WAS THE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR AT SCHOOL, AND IF I EVER SAID, "HEY, GUYS, MAYBE THIS ISN'T SAFE," THEY'D START RIDING ME.
THEY'D SAY SHIT LIKE, "HEY, GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, IS THIS GONNA GO ON MY PERMANENT RECORD?"
I MEAN, WHO WANTS TO BE *THAT* GUY? WHO WANTS TO BE THE FUN POLICE?
EVEN ROD FESS— EVEN MY BEST FRIEND— CALLED ME THE GUIDANCE COUNSELOR SOMETIMES.

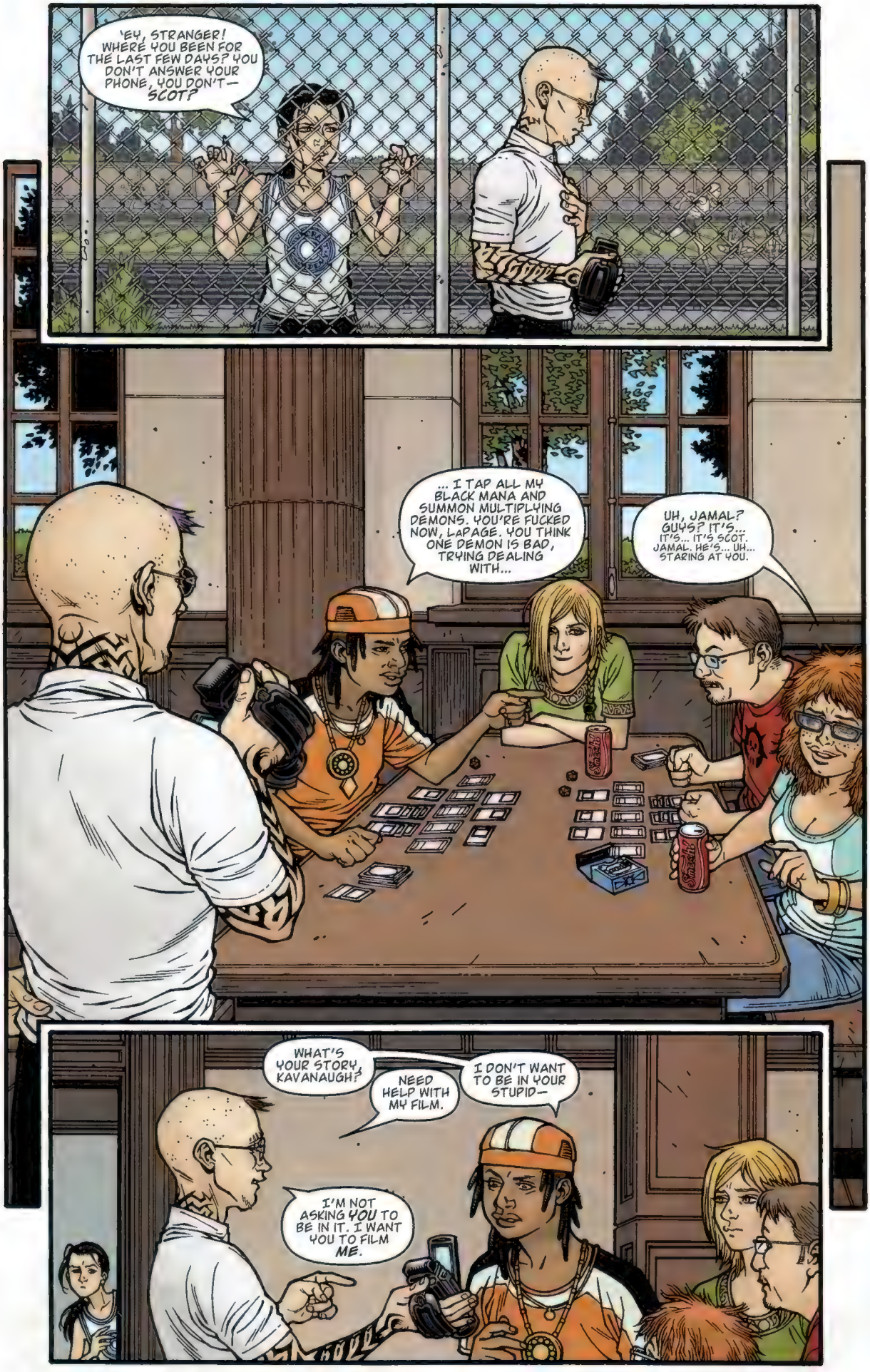
"KINSEY WASN'T HURT TOO BAD. A LITTLE WHIPLASH. LOOKED A LOT WORSE THAN IT WAS.
"SHEP WASN'T BANGED UP AT ALL. BUT HE LOST HIS FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP TO UCLA BECAUSE HE CRIMINALLY ENDANGERED A CHILD. KINSEY WAS, LIKE, NOT QUITE FIFTEEN.
"I HAD PLANS TO GO TO BAJA FOR SIX WEEKS THAT SUMMER, WITH ROD. I WAS GOING TO LEARN HOW TO SURF.
"MY DAD TOLD ME I COULD FORGET IT. HE SAID I COULD PLAN ON WORKING FOR HIM IN WILLITS ALL SUMMER, REBRICKING THE PATIO.
RENDELL LOCKE
Guidance Counselor
"I TOLD HIM... I SAID I WAS SO FUCKING SICK OF BEING HIS SON. THAT HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE HIS KID. TO HAVE KIDS TREAT ME LIKE ONE OF THE TEACHERS.
"I TOLD HIM I COULDN'T WAIT TO HAVE A LIFE WITHOUT HIM. WE STILL WEREN'T TALKING WHEN..."

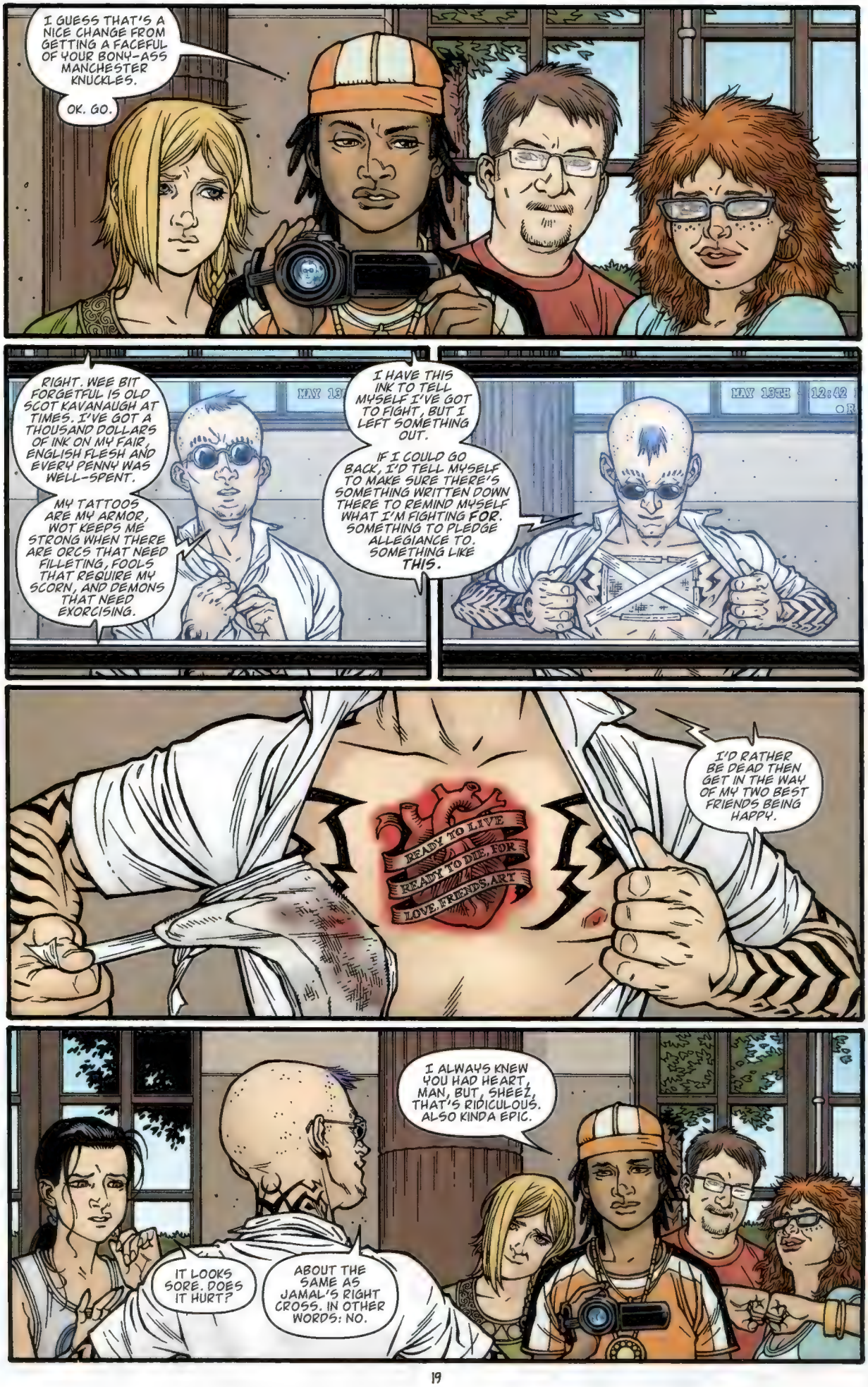

YOU'RE NOT TAPING.
NO. THAT DOESN'T NEED TO BE IN THE FILM.
YOU PUT TOO MUCH ON YOURSELF, MATE. EVERYONE MAKES MISTAKES. EVERYONE SAYS STUFF THEY WANT BACK. YOU SHOULD... LET GO OF SOME THINGS.
YEAH. WELL. MY UNCLE IS WAITING ON ME. I OUGHT TO GET BACK. SEE YOU.
POOR BASTARD.
I HEARD ALL THAT.
I HOPE YOU KNOW YOUR DAD LOVED YOU. YOUR DAD THOUGHT YOU WERE MADE OF SOLID GOLD. SO DO I.
I WISH. GOLD IS SOFT. IT WOULD BE EASY TO HAMMER ME INTO A NEW SHAPE.
PEOPLE ARE A LOT HARDER TO CHANGE. COME ON. YOU GOING TO SHOW ME HOW TO DO THIS?

SURE. LET'S POUR IRON.
A's
Journal of Benjamin Locke
1767 - 1789
MAKERS: A History of American Studio Craft
Metalwork in Early America
SCOT! HEY! KAVANAUGH!


I THOUGHT YOU CAME BY TO TALK.
NOT TO YOU.
SORRY.
WELL. I WANT TO FILM A BIT FOR YOUR DOCUMENTARY. YOU'RE FILMING EVERYONE ELSE. DON'T I GET A TURN?
IT'S SENIORS ONLY, KINSEY.
TURN YOUR CAMERA ON, KAVANAUGH. GO ON. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME GOOD FOOTAGE.
MY MOM IS A DRUNK.
SHE WAS A DRUNK EVEN BEFORE MY DAD DIED. WE ALL KNEW IT.
REC
DOLBY
AFTER HE DIED, SHE'D GET DRUNK AND THEN SHE'D HURT PEOPLE. SOMETIMES WITH HER HANDS. SOMETIMES WITH THE THINGS SHE'D SAY.
I FELT SO SUPERIOR. SO DISGUSTED WITH HER.
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'D TELL MYSELF IF I COULD GO BACK AND TALK TO A YOUNGER ME?
I'D TELL MYSELF YOU'RE EXACTLY LIKE HER. I'D TELL MYSELF TO PULL YOURSELF OFF YOUR CROSS. SOMEONE COULD PROBABLY USE THE WOOD.
A BOTTLE OF WINE OR THE HEAD KEY. IT'S ALL THE SAME. JUST A WAY TO FUCK YOURSELF UP SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO THINK. OR FEEL.
YOU AND JAMAL AND JACKIE ARE THE BEST FRIENDS I EVER HAD. I LOVE THE THREE OF YOU SO MUCH AND I THINK ABOUT HOW I RUINED EVERYTHING AND I CAN'T BREATHE.
SO THAT'S WHAT I'D DO. I'D GO BACK AND TELL MYSELF TO TRY LIVING UP TO THE STANDARDS I HOLD OTHERS TO. THAT IS, IF I COULD EVEN FACE MYSELF WITHOUT THROWING UP.
REC
DOLBY

Tattoos & Piercings
BODY ART
GABE's INK
JOE'S Pub
Tattoos & Piercings
BODY ART
GABE's INK
JOE'S Pub


'EY, STRANGER! WHERE YOU BEEN FOR THE LAST FEW DAYS? YOU DON'T ANSWER YOUR PHONE, YOU DON'T— SCOT?
... I TAP ALL MY BLACK MANA AND SUMMON MULTIPLYING DEMONS. YOU'RE FUCKED NOW, LAPAGE. YOU THINK ONE DEMON IS BAD, TRYING DEALING WITH...
UH, JAMAL? GUYS? IT'S... IT'S... IT'S SCOT. JAMAL. HE'S... UH... STARING AT YOU.
WHAT'S YOUR STORY, KAVANAUGH?
NEED HELP WITH MY FILM.
I DON'T WANT TO BE IN YOUR STUPID—
I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO BE IN IT. I WANT YOU TO FILM ME.


I GUESS THAT'S A NICE CHANGE FROM GETTING A FACEFUL OF YOUR BONY-ASS MANCHESTER KNUCKLES.
OK. GO.
RIGHT. WEE BIT FORGETFUL IS OLD SCOT KAVANAUGH AT TIMES. I'VE GOT A THOUSAND DOLLARS OF INK ON MY FAIR, ENGLISH FLESH AND EVERY PENNY WAS WELL-SPENT.
MY TATTOOS ARE MY ARMOR, WOT KEEPS ME STRONG WHEN THERE ARE ORCS THAT NEED FILLETING, FOOLS THAT REQUIRE MY SCORN, AND DEMONS THAT NEED EXORCISING.
I HAVE THIS INK TO TELL MYSELF I'VE GOT TO FIGHT, BUT I LEFT SOMETHING OUT.
IF I COULD GO BACK, I'D TELL MYSELF TO MAKE SURE THERE'S SOMETHING WRITTEN DOWN THERE TO REMIND MYSELF WHAT I'M FIGHTING FOR. SOMETHING TO PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO. SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
MAY 13TH
12:42
READY TO LIVE
READY TO DIE, FOR
LOVE, FRIENDS, ART
I'D RATHER BE DEAD THEN GET IN THE WAY OF MY TWO BEST FRIENDS BEING HAPPY.
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD HEART, MAN, BUT, SHEEZ, THAT'S RIDICULOUS. ALSO KINDA EPIC.
IT LOOKS SORE. DOES IT HURT?
ABOUT THE SAME AS JAMAL'S RIGHT CROSS. IN OTHER WORDS: NO.

WELL, LOOK AT YOU.
I REMEMBER WHEN THE BOYS COULDN'T TAKE THEIR EYES OFF YOUR SWEET SELF. ESPECIALLY MARK CHO.

HONEY, AT YOUR AGE, YOU SIMPLY CAN'T PULL OFF A DRESS LIKE THAT.
ME, ON THE OTHER HAND...

SHADOWS? WHEN YOU GET A CHANCE, PULL HER OUT OF THERE, AND THROW HER OLD BONES SOMEWHERE NO ONE WILL SEE THEM.
WE DON'T WANT TO SCARE ANYONE AWAY BEFORE THE BIG CAVE-RAVE.

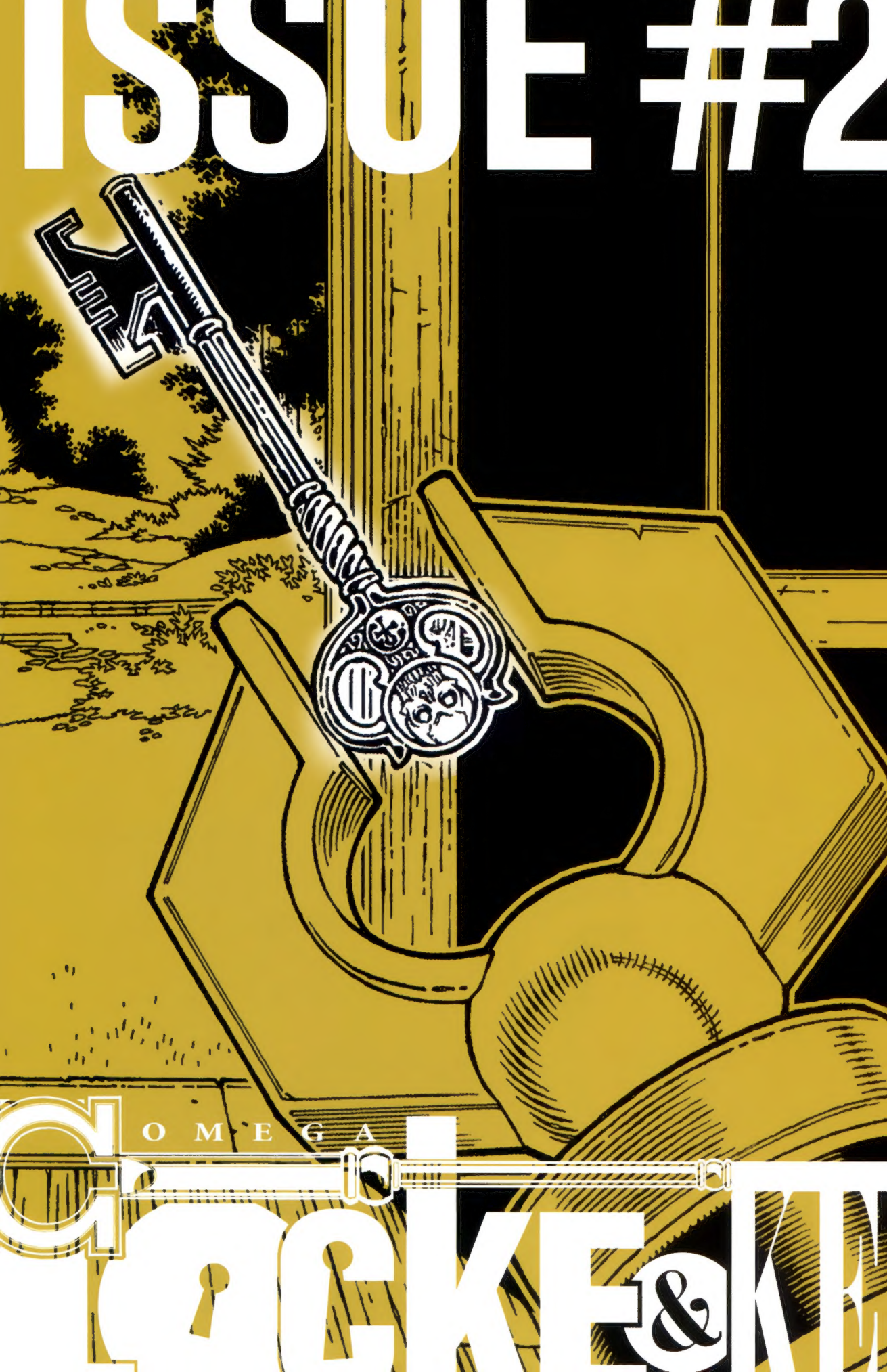
ΩMEGA

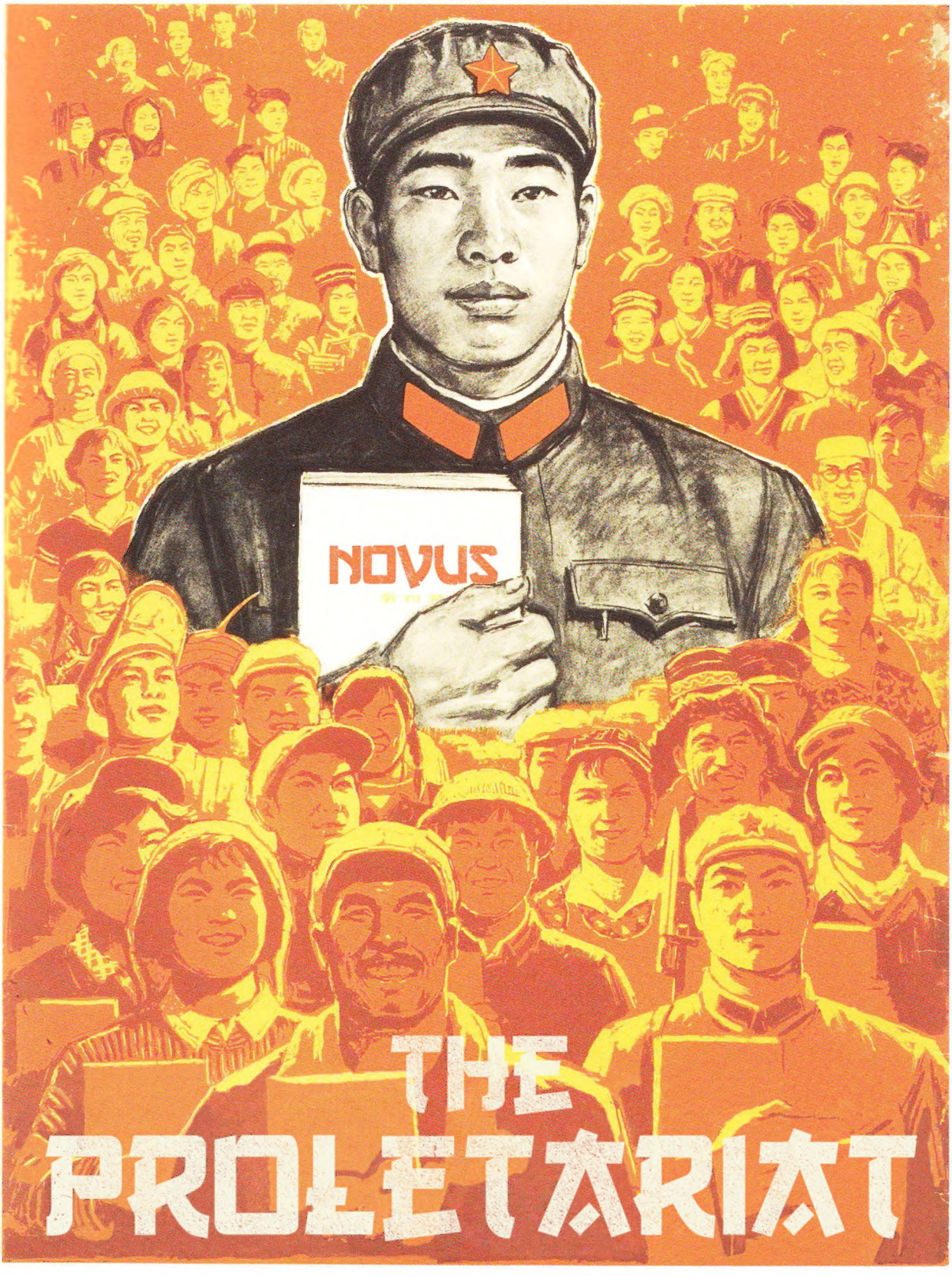
CHAPTER ONE - OUR REGRETS

Editor: **CHRIS RYALL** • Letterer: **ROBBIE ROBBINS** • Colorist: **JAY FOTOS**

Storytellers: **GABRIEL RODRIGUEZ** & **JOE HILL**

LOCKE & KEY created by Joe Hill & Gabriel Rodríguez


ISSUE #2
OMEGA
LOCKE&KEY


NOVUS
THE
PROLETARIAT